Radio

Home Brew

I was sitting in the womb
I could still hear the bassline boom
as my dad said stuff with a 45 tune
crashed out on the couch with a needle in his hand
as i scratched on the record, ash it in the can
hear his songs and they keep ya life spinnin'
as the water bursts, mornin' birds singin'
Now we flip it to the b-side
One song, 27 years long
My youths gone but i still got snoop on
new orleans records that play like a hidden message
and return me to the essence of my adolesence
as i hear the neville brothers play i-
fly on a yellow moon, and i can hear my mum crying for settle
as the drums bang, screaming louder than the punk bands
something like the song neil young sang
one more drink still playin'
as my momma woke up-ah, lone sly i got stoned
family broke up-ah
i can still remember when i was only three
watching pops' play thinkin' that was what i wanna be
and i still go digging in that crate when i need to
Records like a record of all the shit ive been through
needles leave scars of the past on the arms of my mum
as she held me and we danced to the music
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/